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THE
TRIUMPH
OF
UNION:
WITH THE
Muse's Address
For the Consummation of it
IN THE
PARLIAMENT
OF
Great Britain.

WRITTEN BY
Mr. *K* TATE Poet-Laureat to Her MAJESTY.

L O N D O N: Printed in the Year 1707.

THE
TRIUMPH
OF
THE
UNION

Mule's Address
The Mule's Address

PARLIAMENT

THE glorious Day is past for which we pray'd
And glorious Day on which our Thanks we paid
Both past and now BRITANNIA rings
Yet can't conceive her
Till her United SEN
Her Constitution raised into a Nation



Triumph of Union:

WITH The Muse's Address, &c.

THE glorious Day is past for which we pray'd,
And glorious Day on which our Thanks we paid,
Both past, and now BRITANNIA truly Great;
Yet can't conceive her Happiness compleat,
Till her United SENATE she shall see,
Her Constellation rais'd into a Galaxie.

That

The Triumph of Union:

That Consummation of her Hope remains;
 That promis'd Bliss the Royal Word sustains:
 But what assisting Comfort can She call
 To entertain the tedious INTERVAL?
 What Artifice to cheat the loit'ring Hours,
 And steal the Sleeping Minutes from their Bow'rs?

What but the Muse, whose charming Voice can keep
 Our Joys awake, and sing our Griefs asleep.

Rise pensive Bard, shake off your sullen Spleen,
 Great Britain calls, and Britain's Greater QUEEN;
 Parnassus Forces for the Service raise,
 And Vindicate your Title to the Bayes.

The QUEEN and Britain! O 'tis an Alarm
 That can the coldest Poet's Genius warm,
 Rowze Sloth to Rage, and Fear with Fury arm.

The Triumph of Union.

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Forgive me great Director of my Song ;
(Long * may You Live, that Others may Live long)
Whose skilful Search of Learning's *Secret* Store,
Furnish'd my Favour'd Muse, and taught her more
Than *Horace* and *Roscommon* had before.
With deep Remarks, and rich Discoveries made,
New Worlds, where † Petty-Coasters never Trade.
Forgive, if now the Classic Road she quit,
For Precipices of Advent'rous Wit.
If Fancy now a daring Flight aspires,
Mounted on Raptures of unborrow'd Fires ;
'Tis what the Theme, the Glorious Theme requires.
Where tim'rous Art can no Proportion hold,
And all the Safety lies in being Bold,
Rules are too Formal, Cautious Stroaks too Cold.

B

BERWICK

* *A Verse of Mr. C. H's to Dr. Gibbons.*

† *Criticks and Commentators.*

BERWICK no more an Envious Barrier stands,
 And TWEDE no more divides the Social Lands
 But swells in State above his Banks, to find
 His Streams Unite the Commerce They disjoin'd :
 Rais'd on his Crystal Current He survey'd
 The beauteous SISTERS, and in Rapture SAID—

Hail CALEDONIA, Fav'rite of the Skies !
 Improv'd by Suff'rings, by Distress made Wise :
 Thy Off-spring more to their Own Virtue Owe,
 Than Fortune's Smiles on other Realms bestow.
 Their Spirits like thy Northern Stars Sublime,
 Shine Brighter for the Sharpness of the Clime :
 And, where with Nature's sparing Bounty blest,
 Content and Temperance supply the Rest :
 She gives what Health and Decency maintains,
 And frugal Plenty thro' the Country reigns.

Nor

The Triumph of Union.

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Nor so remov'd from *Phæbus* Genial Heat,
But She can boast Her self the Muses Seat.
Advanc'd in Arts, nor less renown'd in Arms;
Her growing Fame the dazled World Alarms.
The Climate rough, the Discipline Polite;
Not *Athen's* Sons would blush like Her's to write,
Nor Warlike *Sparta's* like the SCOTS to fight.

Leipsick can shew the Lawrels there they won,
And ev'ry Age and Field such Wonders done
As startled Glory, and amaz'd the Sun.
But who their Merits History can trace?
Their Nobles, Gentry, People—Such a Race
Sufficient, with their Kindred-English join'd,
To raise the Sinking Credit of Mankind.

'Tis done——And first on *Scotia's* bleakest Soil
You'll see the blest Effects of Union Smile.
The *Caledonian* Hills with Plenty crown'd,
And Thriving Trade in ev'ry Village found :

Those

The Triumph of Union.

Those Winds waft Wealth that brought but Wrecks before,
The Coasts where Tempests Rag'd, with Traffick Roar.

The Sea her Self the fertile Field excells,
And with * Recruiting Shoals of Treasure Swells :
Where Industry shall richer Harvest have
Than had the Golden Age--The Briny Wave
Give more than *Almatheas* + Wonder gave.

Is't Possible ? A Change so glorious wrought ?
(In Vain by Royal Predecessors sought)
A Birth that can such Benefits bestow,
Without the Pain of One Convulsive Throw ?
With Ease could such Advantages accrue,
And steal upon our Land like Mid-night Dew ?
Did *France* forget her Jealous Watch to keep ?
Did Envy and Domestick Discord sleep ?

Ah !

* So says Heft. Boeth. Cum uno quovis Die ingentem Vim abstuleris,
postridie non minor eodem Loco appareat.

† The Miraculous Cornu-Copia that supply'd all Sorts of Food and Drink, &c.

The Triumph of Union.

9

Ah! No; for in a Northern Tempest tost,
Near was the Cradled UNION to be Lost;
But skilful Pilots stemm'd the Boist'rous Tide,
And made our Ark above the Billows ride.

O gen'rous QUEENSBERRY, in whom combine
The Centring Glories of Your noble Line,
The *Trojan's* Toils must yield the Palm to Thine.
Yes, He that bore his Father thro' the Flame,
And Sail'd and Fought to raise the * *Roman* Name,
If justly His Performance claim'd Applause,
O what must Your's, in UNION's Sacred Cause!
Immur'd with Difficulties, that requir'd
A Man by All Belov'd, by All Admir'd:
With Courage, Conduct, Temper, ev'ry Charm
That Popular Rage and Phrenzy could disarm.
So *Perseus*, Mounted on the Wings of Fame,
Thro' Danger prest, and Sav'd the Princely Dame.

C

The

* ——— Romanam Condere Gentem. *Virg.*

The Triumph of Union.

The Brave ARGYLE, Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
 In UNION's Triumph claims the Second Place ;
 ARGYLE the Muse like a young *Mars* shall draw
 With Charming Terror and Obliging Awe ;
 ARGYLE our Admiration and Delight,
 In Camp and Court, in Council and in Fight.

A Troop of Worthies more shall fill the Piece,
 Brave as the Bold Adventurers of *Greece* ;
 But for a Nobler Prize than was the Golden Fleece.

In Consult, like Auspicious Stars, shall Shine
 The gen'rous * Guardians of the Grand Design ;
 With Truth and Honour, Secrefy and Skill,
 Adjusted to their Pious Sov'raign's Will.
 Then in full State our Peers and Patriots met,
 Live *Jove's* Assembled Gods in Council set,
 When some surprizing Scheme his Thoughts revolve
 For Public Good, and They as Chearfully Resolve.

Vast

* The Lords Commissioners of the Treaty.

The Triumph of Union.

11

Vast Field of Fame ! And to describe it All
The Muse must for another Canvass call.
These Subjects she reserves, whose mighty Task
Will Respite and Recruited Vigour ask,
Till to GREAT BRITAIN's Senate she shall Sing
A WELCOME that will make the Valleys ring.
And Oh ! could Zeal proportion'd Strength impart,
And Duty could supply the Place of Art,
Her Accents to the Lift'ning Spheres should rise,
Till Earth were Answer'd by Applauding Skies.

He Breath'd, and said ; Now let a Southward View
There with Improvement the glad Scene renew.

Hail ANGLIA ! In Fame's Annals ever Crown'd,
And for the Hospitable Land renown'd !
In UNION's Sacred Cause you'll never spare
To justify the Gen'rous Character.

O

The Triumph of Union.

O Kindly treat your noble Northern Guest,
 Till CALEDONIA like thy Self is blest ;
 So should a Sov'rain Sister be Carest.
 With Her thy Heart, thy Wealth, thy Pow'r divide,
 Yet, when all Offices of Love are try'd,
 You'll find the Ballance rest on CALEDONIA's Side.

For what Return can Policy invent,
 Where the whole World wants an EQUIVALENT.
 Superiour Service never can be seen,
 Nor Parallel to Hers that gave Thee such a QUEEN.

Our Warlike Realms, that dang'rous Rivals were,
 United, have no other Foe to Fear ;
 Each Others Match before, but Thus Ally'd,
 More than a Match for all the World beside,

Who but our ANNA could the Blifs procure ?
 Who but a QUEENSBERRY the Blifs Ensure ?

That

That Jealousy to Friendship could Improve,
And Charm Suspicion into settled Love ;
Make Common Dread in Common Safety end ;
GREAT BRITAIN on her Single Self depend,
To fear no other Foe, and need no other Friend.

Nor is This Safety to our Isle confin'd,
GREAT BRITAIN's now the Guardian of Mankind.
With Vengeance Arm'd Earth's Tyrants to control,
As far as Lands can stretch, or Waves can roll ;
With Marching Troops, the Continent to awe,
And Floating Forts to give the Ocean Law :
In-Lands at MARLBRO's, and remotest Shores
Shake when our GEORGE's Naval Thunder roars.

Thro' Field and Flood our ROYAL PAIR maintain
Pacifick Empire—Just as Here they Reign ;
Make Foreign States, by their Decisive Doom,
Practise that Justice which They act at Home.

Hence all with Joy their Sov'raign Influence see,
 Such Strength Entrusted with such Piety :
 While from their well-plac'd Pow'r Protection flows,
 And with their Grandeur, the World's Wellfare grows.

Accomplish'd Ages of Expir'd Renown,
 With Envy on our ANNA's Days look Down ;
 Tho' in the fairest Mold of Fortune cast,
 With a Young *Ammon* and a *Cæsar* grac'd.

If down to British Registers we come,
 Of Deeds beyond th' Exploits of *Greece* and *Rome* :
 A Series of more memorable Years,
 (Witness ye trembling Ghosts of *Cressy* and *Poitiers* :)
 When our Third EDWARD a Spectator stood,
 And Left the Prince to make the Conquest good :
 When our Fifth HARRY to proud *Paris* prest,
 And *France* wept Blood for the Rash *Dauphin's* Jest.

Or those that did ELIZA's Arms engage,
 (Phoenix-ELIZA, ANNA of That Age!)

All

The Triumph of Union.

15

All grieve to find their Race too soon begun,
And chide with Destiny that push'd 'em on.

While Future Seasons, in the Rear of Fate,
Repine as much that They shall start too Late ;
Held in Unactive Durance, and Uncall'd
Till the whole Mart of Fame shall be fore-stall'd.
Spoils upon Spoils, Trophies on Trophies heap'd,
And all the Fertile Field of Glory Reap'd.

Sleep froward Years, Contented with your State,
And chearfully Your Revolution wait ;
Too late you can't arrive, for ANNA's Fame
Shall, like her Constant Self be still the SAME.
Mount like a Star, to Regions more Sublime,
Then fix to Shine Commensurate with Time ;
With Influence, that in an endless Train
Of Benefits, Her Empire shall Sustain,
And Thro' Posterity preserve a self-surviving Reign.

Learn

The Triumph of Union.

Learn Potentates who desp'rate Courses steer,
 And build your Grandeur on your People's Fear,
 How Princes, that for Publick Good Contrive,
 With all the Fav'ring Gales of Fortune drive
 Where Fraud and *Lewis* never shall arrive.

Therefore to Honour's lasting Pillar trust,
 And if you would be truly Great, be Just.
 Pursue the Paths our Prosp'rous ANNA takes,
 For Heav'n, in all, her Precedent she makes :
 From Hence her Grand Designs Successful grew ;
 From Hence her UNION's happy Scheme she Drew ;
 And, making Her blest Realms and People ONE,
 Finish'd the Glorious Work that Providence begun,
 When from the Continent Indulgent Nature hurl'd
 GREAT BRITAIN's favour'd Isle, a self-sufficient World.

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 F I N I S.